

Cethegus's Apology

FOR

NON-APPEARANCE

UPON HIS

Conjurer's Summons.

29. Sept. 1682. A long Copy.

THAT we appear'd not at thy Friendly Call,
 Know, 'twas not Want of Will nor Want of Gall,
 (This the Sole Talent is of Souls in Thrall.
 But We, once Slaves to ARBITRARY FATE,
 Can't Sham the LAWS of our COERCIVE STATE:
 Then Muse not if I don't at SUMMONS come
 To Thunder in GUILD-HALL, as erst in ROME.
 Thy Friendly Lines received, and humbly Kiss'd,
 In token of Applause our FURIES * Hiss'd:
 And We, known Friends to your ASSOCIATION
 Hell's Faction cited to swift CONSULTATION.
 From Korah down to Knox, All came on Breast,
 With later IMPS shut out from BAXTER's Rest.
 Thus met, We first Condol'd, That Souls born Free
 Like Yours, should be retrench'd by Monarchy,
 Since Hells sole Priviledge is Anarchy.
 We pity'd the Rejection of your Choice,
 The Peoples (if not Gods) is sure Our Voice.
 On quick Debate: Time must not now be spent;
 (At this Consult BRADSHAW was PRESIDENT.
 Resolv'd.----- No Devil like an Human wit,
 None for GUILD-HALL Debates Below so fit.
 On North-side of an uselefs, Tuberous Pile
 A Wight lives, Chief Wigg-leader of your Isle:
 Known to Men-Worthy, Hugg'd by Worthy Men,
 Who all Infernal Wiles has in his Ken.

* Telling, No
NORTH

To

To Him was Granted, in Year *Fourty Three*
 By Patent, *Hell's Last Arch-Monopoly* :
 All Governments to Vex, in all admir'd to be.
 To Him you have *Applied* ; *He's All in All* :
Our Furies need not, whilst *His* fill your *Hall*.
 On then.----- All *Hell's Extempore Effusions*
 Shall help to agravate That days *Confusions* ;
 We'll make such Medly with our *Fiend-land Prayer*,
 That *Ours* with *Yours* sent up, shall Blast your *Ayr*.
Cartwright with our *Ignatius* shall joyn *Tones*,
 * *Teresa* with † *Mall Hawkins* send up *Groans*,
Jesuits and *Wiggs* shall all be *Unifons*.
 Rest sure of *Hells* best wishes *ALL* and *ONE*,
 From *Cain* to *Mahomet* and *Muggleton*.

* A Wigg Nun.
 † The wonder-
 ful Praying
 Maid of
 St. Ives, burnt
 afterwards for
 a Witch in
 New England.

Mean while by *Pole* and *Noise* Assert your *Right*
 By *Hell*, 'tis *Yours*, although *J. Moor* deny't. *Mr John Moore*
 Let then no *Foyles* Heroique Souls *Dismay* ; *Mr Mayor*
 Expect fresh Aids ere * *Sherman's Martyr's Day*.
 Disdain the flights o'th' Man you stile *LORD MAYOR* ;
His shall be *Fallible*, as *PETER's Chair* :
 In this Assurance, *Braves*, your, *Heads*, up lift,
Dominion's Yours by *Satan's DEED* of *GIFT* :
 And this *Firm Tye* *Endears us* to *Your State*
 Both *COVENANTS* Love alike, alike *ALLEGIANCE* Hate

* St. Michael's
 Day.

FINIS.

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